

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND.  
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



NOT WANTED.

## STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOY AND MAN," "LOMBARDY COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.—A DREARY RETROSPECT.

My way of life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf :  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have.—*Shakespeare.*

VERY bitter were the thoughts which passed through Mr. Strafford's mind after he had dismissed his ser-

vant from the room, and had fallen back in his chair, as described in our last chapter. Old, old, old! The same unwelcome truth forced upon him again and again; the same reproach, for such it seemed to be, cast at him from all sides. A life wasted; its opportunities gone; time passing quickly and the end not far off. "If a man live many years, and rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness; for they shall be many." Mr. Strafford had not rejoiced in the many years of his past life; no

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

man, perhaps, had tasted less real happiness during so long a period than he; and the darkness was closing in. He had no friend to care for him, no child to love him. A hireling claimed the place of all that should be dearest and most sacred in his heart: a coarse, ill-mannered, narrow-minded woman had dared, as a consequence of his lonely and miserable existence, to intrude herself upon him, counting herself his equal, and claiming to be united to him in the most intimate and holy bonds for the remainder of his days.

His thoughts went back to the wife whom he had laid to rest in the churchyard, and whose grave he had visited often after her death, though he had not been near it now for many years. She was the only woman he had ever loved; an accomplished, high-minded lady, devoted to him, as he to her, the sunshine of his life, by whose early loss the whole of his remaining existence had been overshadowed. As long as that good wife was by his side the base and miserly dispositions of his heart had been kept in subjection, the better nature had been fostered and strengthened. She had been in every way a helpmeet for him, and by her gentle influence had upheld him—almost without his knowing it—against his greatest and, perhaps at that time, only enemy—himself. Then, too, he had had other things to think of besides getting and saving, living breathing objects to engage his affections instead of only money and land. Why had she been taken from him? Why had this good angel, to whom he owed so much, on whose tender guardianship so much depended—why had she been snatched from his home? and that, too, while his only child—her child—was yet in his infancy?

The images and recollections which Mrs. Daunt's proposal brought back to the old man's thoughts were not without a little of that gentle and salutary influence by which his early life had been controlled. He scarcely knew whether he was awake or dreaming as one dear face after another seemed to rise before him: first, the gentle girl whom he had gone a-courting in the heyday of his youth; then the fond wife ruling his house so tenderly and wisely, winning her way into his heart, softening his rugged temper, and rendering him day by day more like herself, even while she seemed to cling to him and depend upon him; and then the infant child which sat upon his knee and put its tiny hand into his own, smiling up at his eyes without any fear or shyness or distrust as yet. Darker visions might have followed, but here the features of that young boy who had lately walked by his side and had shaken hands with him, looking him straight in the face, came in and seemed to fill up a gap in the retrospect. The features did not at all resemble those of his sainted wife, nor of the son whom he had lost. The complexion was different, the profile was different, the colour of the hair was different; but the general expression of the face was wonderfully like; the sparkle of that bright blue eye recalled both wife and son to his memory; when he spoke, when he flashed up with surprise or indignation, when his lip curled, but, above all, when he smiled, the old man had almost felt that those whom he had loved and lost were looking at him through that face.

With a long-drawn, shivering sigh, Mr. Strafford raised himself at length and looked around him. The light out of doors was beginning to fade, and the room was in partial darkness. He felt cold and

ill, but shrank from saying anything to his house-keeper. He would not have been sorry to hear that she had left the house, and feared to ring the bell lest she should appear. He opened the door and slowly and silently groped his way upstairs to his bedroom.

Mrs. Daunt had not left the house; she was sitting in the kitchen with her bonnet and shawl on, ready for instant departure, but meant to have another interview with her master before putting her threat into execution, though it may be doubted whether she had really any intention of carrying matters to such an extreme. She heard his footstep on the stairs, and looked after him as he mounted.

"He's that feeble," she said to herself—"that feeble, he can hardly lift himself along. There's nobody in the house but me and the girl. He'll ring his bell presently, and then I'll go to him. He may be as proud and angry as he pleases, but he will have to bring himself to it. He'll come round after a bit, and it will be the best thing for him too. I could bring an action and get damages enough to live upon comfortable all the rest of my days, but matrimony is more respectable. I shall be very kind to him, and make him comfortable as long as he lives, poor old gentleman!"

Mrs. Daunt sent Betsy to bed, and put a bit more coal upon the kitchen fire, and resolved to sit up for an hour or two, at all events, in case she should be wanted. She put the kettle on and made herself a cup of tea, and, feeling low, as she told herself, brought a bottle out of the cupboard, where it was kept under lock and key, and put a little of the contents into her cup. "He calls it brandy," she said; "but if it is it's British, and I half believe it's only common spirits from the lamp shop. It is better than no more, but we will have something superior to this when I have the ordering of it."

Contrary to Mrs. Daunt's expectation, Mr. Strafford did not ring his bell until the following morning, and then he desired that Mrs. Ayres, the game-keeper's wife, might be sent for. He was poorly, he said, and did not mean to get up till late in the day. But he could not bear to have Mrs. Daunt to wait upon him, and told her plainly that he thought she had left the house, and the sooner she went the better. Mrs. Daunt concealed her vexation, and persevered in her attentions, to which the squire, feeling himself too ill and feeble for argument or expostulation, was at last fain to submit.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.—WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH IT!

Thou art old;  
Thou hast no need of so much gold.  
These grains of gold are not grains of wheat;  
These bars of silver thou canst not eat;  
These jewels and pearls and precious stones  
Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,  
Nor keep the feet of death one hour  
From climbing the stairway of thy tower.

—Longfellow.

WHEN Tom Howard called the next morning, according to his promise, to inquire after Mr. Strafford, he was told that the old gentleman was not up, and could not see any one. Mrs. Daunt, who opened the front door to him after much clattering of chains and bolts and bars, was not communicative, and refused to take any message upstairs. "The squire was a-bed," she said; "he had hurt himself with that fall he had yesterday in the yard, and at his time of life it was no wonder."

"I am very sorry," Tom said; "I wish you would tell him so."

"You may well be sorry," she replied; "it was all along of you that he got the hurt."

"Yes," said Tom, "I was afraid so, though I could not help it."

"And so I think," Mrs. Daunt continued, "that it would be better for you not to come here any more when you see the consequences."

"I promised to come," Tom answered; "Mr. Strafford asked me to come, and I said I would. I shall come again until he sends me a message himself."

Before Mrs. Daunt could reply, a bell was heard to ring violently in the house. "You had better go," she said to Tom, and shut the door in his face. The bell continued to sound, and Tom, fearing something might be the matter, remained where he was, intending presently to make another attempt to gain admittance, when suddenly the casement of one of the upstairs rooms was thrown open, and Mr. Strafford showed himself at the window, muffled up in a yellow flannel dressing-gown.

"Stop!" said he; "I'm coming down directly; don't go away."

"How are you, Mr. Strafford?" Tom asked.

"Better. Come in and wait a few minutes. I'll be down immediately."

Tom promised he would do so, and waited for half an hour or more, until the old man appeared at the door and opened it. He led the way to the parlour and sat down, giving Tom a chair opposite to his own, and near it. It did not seem that he had much to say to him at first, for he sat still, with his eyes fixed upon the boy's face, only removing them from time to time to look beyond him, as it seemed, while his lips kept moving as if both sight and speech were occupied with distant objects or events beyond their natural scope.

"I hope you are not much the worse for your fall," Tom said, after an interval of silence.

"Fall? Oh, yes, to be sure. Stiff—very stiff—that's all. I shall have that dog sent away to-day."

"I like dogs," said Tom; "and they usually like me."

"Ruffian did not know you," said the squire; "that is some excuse for him. He would get to know you if you were to come here often. I hope you will."

"I am only a visitor at Mr. Martin's," Tom replied, "and shall have to go away in a few days now."

"Going away!" the squire repeated, sadly; "I am sorry for that. But you will come again soon?"

"It is not likely," said Tom.

Mr. Strafford proceeded to ask a great many questions about Tom's parents and his own future prospects, pausing to reflect upon all that he said, until the boy began to grow weary of saying his catechism, as he mentally termed it; and, getting up, said he must go. Mr. Strafford followed him to the door and shook hands with him, but, instead of wishing him good-bye, held his hand fast within his own, and looked steadily into his eyes. Presently, as if under a sudden impulse, he exclaimed, "How do you like this place?"

"This house? Oh, pretty well; there is a very pretty view from the door."

"How should you like to be a rich man, and live here?"

Tom was not enamoured of the idea, and said so. He hoped he should be a sailor, and spend the greater part of his life on the sea.

"Then you don't want to be a rich man?"

"No," said Tom, "not if I had to live ashore and in a place—"

"Like this," you were going to say."

Tom did not answer; his thoughts had been correctly interpreted. Mr. Strafford was at no loss to understand them, for he remembered how his own son had held the same opinions, and had expressed them yet more freely.

"It's a good thing to have plenty of money, though," said the squire.

"I suppose you know what it is, Mr. Strafford," Tom answered, after some reflection; "they say you are rich."

He looked round the dreary hall where they were standing, wondering in himself why the squire should choose to keep the place in such a state if he had plenty of money to do what he liked with.

Mr. Strafford sat down in a high-backed, carved oak chair, and motioned to Tom to do the same; but the latter preferred to remain standing, in the hope of quickly making his escape.

"Suppose you were in my place," said the squire, "what should you do with your money?"

Tom at first declined to speculate on the subject, but Mr. Strafford insisted upon having an answer to his question, so he replied, briefly, "Spend it."

"No," said the squire, "you do not mean that—not that, surely!"

"Yes, I should; what is the use of money if you don't spend it? What use is it to you, Mr. Strafford, locked up in your boxes, or wherever you keep it?"

"It's there," said the squire; "not locked up in boxes exactly, but it's where I can have it if I want it. If I were to spend it, it would be gone; and money makes money, it keeps on increasing and increasing."

Tom thought of the words of the psalm, "He heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them," and though he did not utter them aloud, they helped to give decision to the tone in which he repeated, "I don't see the use of keeping it in that way; I should spend it."

Mr. Strafford was evidently displeased. "You are only a boy," he said; "and I—I am an old man."

"Of course," Tom answered, "I don't pretend to know anything; I should not have spoken if you had not asked me."

"So you would spend it, would you? How, I wonder?"

"I should have the roof of John Pollard's cottage repaired—you know his wife is ill, and the rain comes in upon her bed; and I should send a doctor to see her, and give her everything she wants till she is well again; and then I should have all the farm buildings put in order, and let them at easy rents to the best men I could find. And I should repair the schools, which are much in want of it, as I heard Mr. Martin say the other day; and I should have this house done up, and all made nice. And if I had any money left after that, I should buy a yacht and go a voyage, and—"

"Stop! stop! stop!" cried the squire, "I can't trust you with the management of my property any further just at present; you would soon get through it all at that rate."



"Should I?" said Tom, laughing, for he was pleased to see that the old man was smiling and looking more animated. "Well, there would be something to show for the money, at all events. Good-bye, Mr. Strafford."

"Good-bye, young spendthrift; and if you ever should come this way again you will call and see me, won't you?"

"Yes, sir; certainly. Good-bye again. What's this?"

Mr. Strafford had hold of his hand and was pressing a coin into the palm.

"Put it away," said the old man; "put it in your pocket, you will soon get rid of it, I dare say. You'll spend it."

Tom would have done as he was bid, amused but willing to gratify the old man, supposing that he had given him a shilling. But the coin felt heavy, and, glancing at it before dropping it into his pocket, he perceived that it was gold. His pride revolted at this, and he endeavoured to thrust it back into the giver's hand, but he would not receive it.

"Thank you, Mr. Strafford; thank you all the same," he said, "but I cannot take this."

"Oh yes, yes. Good-bye, good-bye."

"I can't, indeed."

"Why not?"

Tom could not say why not, but only repeated that he would rather not accept such a gift.

"Leave it, then," said the old man, sharply. "Leave it; you won't take anything from me, I suppose; that's what you mean. Then leave it, I say; leave it."

Tom looked at him with surprise; this reiteration of the words was uncalled for, as he had already laid the coin down upon a table, and had approached the door. But he saw the old man's features working strangely, the look of satisfaction gone from his face, and his lips white and trembling.

"If it would really give you pleasure, Mr. Strafford," he said, hesitating, and looking at the piece of gold.

Mr. Strafford pointed to it and nodded, but seemed unable to find words.

"Thank you, Mr. Strafford," Tom said, warmly, taking up the money; "thank you. Good-bye."

The old man put his arm round the boy's neck, pressing him for a moment to his side, and then dismissed him.

Tom ran out, and found young Martin waiting for him at the end of the avenue.

"What a time you have been!" said the latter.

"Yes; I am glad I came, though. I am very glad I came; look what he has given me!"

"He never gave you that, surely!" cried Martin. "I wonder whether it is a good one? I could not help pitying you for being shut up with him so long. But it was worth coming for. A sovereign!"

"I did not mean that," said Tom; "he would have been so vexed if I had not called to see him."

"Virtue brings its own reward," said Martin, sententiously.

"If you mean that virtue brings sovereigns, I don't think you understand the proverb right. I did not want any reward for going to see Mr. Strafford, but I shall feel all the happier for having done so. As for the sovereign, I would rather not have taken it, though I am always glad of a tip when it comes from the right person. We will go halves, Swallow."

"No," said the other, "I do not wish for any of

it; Mr. Strafford would never have given it to me. It is a wonderful thing that he should make such a present to any one."

The sovereign had made a great impression upon young Martin; he had never possessed one in his life. "I hope the old gentleman won't repent," he added.

"I am not afraid of that," said Tom; "I could see that he was in earnest. No; Mr. Strafford will not repent of this, I'm sure."

When Tom Howard and his companion arrived at the vicarage, he was met by Mrs. Martin, who had a letter in her hand. It had come by second delivery, and from her manner Tom thought at once that it concerned him. Mrs. Martin took him aside quietly, and began to talk to him about his friends in India.

"Have you heard from my mother?" Tom asked, eagerly.

"No, Tom. You forget that I do not know your mother."

"Has Mrs. Beverley written to you?"

"Yes. She thinks it better for you to go home immediately."

"Has she heard from my mother?"

"Yes."

"Has she sent the letter?—is she quite well?"

"Yes, she is well, all things considered."

"What do you mean by 'all things'?"

Mrs. Martin evaded the question; but, looking tenderly in Tom's face, asked him, "When did you last hear from your mother?"

"About a month ago. I hear every month."

"Did your father often write?"

"No, he was always too busy, or something. But he generally sent a message."

"How long is it since you last saw your father?"

"About six years."

"You remember him very well, Tom, I suppose?" she said.

"Of course; though you know, Mrs. Martin, I never saw very much of him, he was so often away up the country when I was in India; and when he was at home he had so much to do; and I have never seen him since I was about seven years old. I shall go and see him some day, I hope."

"You will see your mother sooner than you expect, Tom, perhaps."

"Oh, Mrs. Martin! what do you mean? Am I to go out there? Is she coming home?"

"She will come home soon, probably."

"Soon! how soon? And will he come with her—my father? Is he coming too?"

Mrs. Martin shook her head slowly, and Tom could not but be struck with the expression of sadness and pity with which she regarded him.

"What is it?" he cried; "what is the matter?" He stood still and looked at her, afraid to say more; a terrible thought had entered his mind.

"I wish your mother were here now," Mrs. Martin said. "But she is on her way home by this time, overland; in two or three weeks you will see her."

Tom felt his heart beat rapidly and his eyes grow dim. A tumult of great joy, mingled with fear, arose within him. He tried to speak, but there was a lump in his throat, and he could not utter a sound.

"I wish she were here now, Tom," Mrs. Martin repeated; "you will want her near you, and she—oh, how she must pine for you at such a time! You will have her all to yourself, Tom, in future, and you must be everything to her."

She drew the boy to her lap, kissed him, and when he broke out into sobbing, shed some tears over him. "You have a Father in heaven, Tom; remember that," she said. "Ask Him to comfort you, my poor boy! and to supply your loss."

Neither of them spoke for a long while. Tom tried to do as his kind friend had bidden him, and as his own feelings would have prompted him. He became calmer after a time, and then Mrs. Martin took his mother's letter from the envelope and gave it to him to read. It was addressed to him, but had been sent to Mrs. Beverley enclosed in another in order that he might be prepared gently for the sad news. Mr. Howard had died suddenly from sunstroke, away from home, on one of his journeys. That was nearly all the information that it contained. Mrs. Howard had been supported under the shock in a way that she could hardly have thought possible, but was yearning for her child, and meant to start immediately upon her homeward journey.

"When do you think she will be here?" Tom asked.

"In three weeks or a month, most likely."

"When shall I go to London?"

"To-morrow morning, if you like."

"Yes; I would rather be at home to wait for her."

"Have you any relations in England besides Mrs. Beverley?"

"No; none."

"Had your father no relations here?"

"I never heard of any."

"Well, Tom, you must go to-morrow; but come here again whenever you like; we shall always be glad to have you. You saved my boy's life at the risk of your own, Tom. I shall never forget it; and we are all very fond of you for your own sake also. God bless you!"

There was comfort for the poor boy in those last words. He soon recovered his composure, being scarcely able yet to understand his loss, and looking forward to his mother's speedy return, whom he had not expected to see for two or three years at soonest.

The next day he left his kind friends at the vicarage, and went by an early train to London.

## KABUL TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

### A BURIED HISTORY EXHUMED.

TWO hundred years before Julius Cæsar brought his legions to Albion, Kabul had already figured in history. In order to get a glimpse of that history we must consult our friend Dr. Dryasdust. He informs us that ancient geographers applied the term "Ariana," now so largely used by Orientalists, to the country which lies between the Soleiman mountains on the east and ancient Persia on the west. It had Beluchistan to the south, and the mountains of the Hindoo Koosh and their extensions westward to the north. So Ariana was modern Afghanistan with the addition of modern Khorasan. Afghanistan proper was divided into three provinces, two large and one small.\*

\* *Drangiana* occupied the whole of the south-west of Afghanistan from Herat to Kelat; *Arachosia* was the whole of the north-east half; *Paropamisus* was the valley of the Kabul river. The city of Kabul was called *Orthopisanum*, *Jelalabad* *Plegertum*, *Ngara*, *Kandahar* *Gandahara*, and *Farrah Phra*. There were several cities in the valley of the River Kabul, such as *Nykeä*, *Kapissa*, *Andaka*, *Nysa*, *Alexandria Opiane*, etc.

The great Grecian conqueror of this part of the world left his name in several places. Herat was called after him; there is Opiane in the Kabul valley; Khojend, on the Jaxartes, the farthest of Alexander's course of conquest to the north, was Alexandria Cyropolis; and in the Punjab alone no less than three places rejoiced in being named after him.

Alexander entered Afghanistan from the north-west. He marched from Herat, on a course of conquests, to Farrah, and thence to Kandahar. From this place he went by Gazin to Kabul, which he occupied. He seems to have made the valleys of Ghorband and Panjsheer, which lie north of Kabul, his basis whence he started for the conquest of Tartary, or Bactria, and to which he returned after this expedition had been successfully completed. From these valleys, too, he started when he went to India. His empire on his death was at once divided amongst his generals. Bactriana was under Satrap Philip, Ariana under Satraps Strasanor and Siburtius, and India under Oxyartes, father-in-law of Alexander. These three Indian satraps governed the three parts of India—the valley of the Kabul, the Punjab, and Scinde. They took an active part in the quarrels for empire. After about seven years of fighting, Seleucus emerged as ruler from "the Euphrates to the Oxus and Indus." This Seleucus evidently did not think the Kabul valley of much use to him, for he bartered it, and all the rest of Alexander's India to Chandra Gupta, for five hundred elephants. He sent an ambassador to the court of this Indian emperor, and from this ambassador, by name Megasthenes, and his successor, we learn much respecting ancient India.

Seleucus was murdered in 280 B.C. He was succeeded by Antiochus Soter, who was succeeded by Antiochus Theos, who, being undecided as to which of his two wives, Laodike or Berenike, he liked the best, the former poisoned him to put an end to his doubts in the most undoubted manner, 246 B.C. Seleucus the Second succeeded. In his time Bactria revolted, and the Greeks of Bactria occupied the Kabul valley, which thus became a province of Bactria. This revolt was headed by Diodotus, who was succeeded by a son of the same name. History tells us that Euthydemus usurped the throne, and that Eukratides took the throne from Demetrius, the son and successor of Euthydemus, and that Eukratides himself was murdered by his own son, whose name, however, is not positively known. From this point history is silent. Two other kings' names occur in connection with India in history. They are Menander and Apollodotus. History gives us no clue as to what happened in Kabul after this, or as to the kings who were at the head of the people. The history of the Kabul of two thousand years ago was buried. The Grecian empire in the West was conquered by the Romans. The chronicles of a remote Eastern province of the conquered empire had no chance of being recorded in the literature of Rome. As it was reserved for the present century to decipher the wall-writing of Egypt and Assyria, so it was also given to us of the nineteenth century to find out something of Kabul and her kings of two thousand years ago. The story of the discovery is one of great interest.

Sir Alexander Burnes, in his work on Kabul, gave at the end a series of plates of coins which he had collected in his travels. The whole of them were

very poor, and scarcely any of them were legible. But about the same time was an Englishman in Kabul—a man who kept his eyes open to the things which are to be seen in a country, whose book is now a standard work on Afghanistan and its people,—Charles Masson. In the third volume of his work he tells us that the people of Kabul often spoke to him about the old coins to be obtained at Begram. This Begram is to Kabul antiquities what Rosetta proved to those of Egypt. Masson, when he got an opportunity, visited the place; but at first he “applied for coins in vain,” no one would sell any to him. Nevertheless, he soon found current coins powerful in producing those of two thousand years ago. By the end of that year he had “1,865 copper coins, besides a few silver ones,” and “many rings and signets and other relics.” In 1837 he obtained from the plain of Begram no less than 60,000 copper coins, and he believed he could get 30,000 annually.

Now a few words about Begram. It is a plain situated north of Kabul about thirty miles. The plain is covered with ruins. The coins are found as the upper soil is washed away by the rains. They are there for the gathering. Shepherds take them and sell them to dealers in copper coins, who make a rich harvest out of them.

Besides Begram there are many *topes* or *stapas* scattered over the valley of the Kabul and the north-west Punjab. These *topes* are immense solid domes raised on round towers. They are the pyramids of Afghanistan antiquities. On being entered they yield vessels, coins, rings, signets, seals, etc. Some of the vessels had writing on them similar to the inscriptions on *one* side of the coins. But this writing could not be read by any one. Pundits and moulvies were both at sea. Meanwhile the coins collected by Mr. Masson had been made over to the charge of Mr. James Prinsep, who was then the Master of the Calcutta Mint. They could not have fallen into better hands. This gentleman has the honour of finding out that the inscriptions on the coins, although in two characters, were identical in meaning.

Now let us consider for one moment. If we take up a modern Indian rupee we find that it has in English and in Hindostanee the words “one rupee” on it. Just so the Greek rulers of Kabul two thousand years ago put inscriptions on their coins in Greek and old Kabulee. The towns of those old rulers were destroyed. The records of the Governments and their changes have long since, if they ever existed, perished. But the coins remain not only in Kabul but in the surrounding countries, and they evidence beyond all dispute the existence in Kabul of Greek kings and culture, and of a language which is now quite dead, being neither spoken nor written, a language as dead as the arrow-headed characters of Media, Nineveh, and Babylon. This dead language, however, occurs in two characters. In the more common of the two it reads, as Hebrew and Arabic, from right to left. On two coins another character reads, as English and Latin, from the left to the right.

Mr. James Prinsep, to whom the coins were sent, has the honour of having deciphered both inscriptions. The Greek, of course, was all plain sailing. After the conjecture had arisen that the inscriptions were identical, the excitement began. Prinsep felt like a man who was about to discover a new world, and he was as restless as Columbus on the 12th of October, 1492. He worked day and night at the coins. Be-

fore long he found out some letters which enabled him to read others, and so he went on gradually to words, when he discovered that the second inscription was nearly always a Sanscrit translation of the Greek one. The discovery excited the interest of learned societies in Europe. French and German savants took up the matter and got the coins for themselves. Mr. Prinsep died before he had completed his work, but not before he had given to the world a series of essays on “The Antiquities of India,” in which he gives a full account of the coins, with drawings made by himself from the coins themselves.

After his death Professor Wilson, of Calcutta, gave in “*The Ariana Antiqua*” a full account of what was known of the subject until 1841.

One of the most enthusiastic of the co-workers of Prinsep was Lieutenant, now General, Cunningham. He took up the matter where Wilson and Prinsep had left off. At that time Kabul was separated from British territory by the Punjab. Coins were seldom brought by merchants; and in British territory they were scarcely ever found, a fact which shows that trade was not very brisk two thousand years ago between Kabul and the countries far east of it. Nevertheless, what Englishman ever turned his back on a difficulty because it was difficult? Major Cunningham did not. He persevered and got the coins of new kings and found out new combinations of letters, and as he went on with his discoveries he wrote accounts of them. Collectors forwarded their strange specimens to him to be deciphered. He himself let no expense deter him from the possession of new or rare coins. In this way the cupidity of the Hindoo traders was excited. They not only bought them, they brought them for sale, and, alas! they forged them. Now that British rule is leading the people in the paths of progress, rubbish heaps are often levelled with the plains. Roads and railways and canals must be made, and new cities built. Old places constantly yield old coins. The ploughman as he works away at what he perhaps imagines is virgin soil finds out that he is making furrows over old cities. An old wall or the floor of a house gives him an old jar of old coins. He takes them to the bazaar and sells them. The bullion dealer ruthlessly melted them down in ancient times; but now that he finds he can make five or six hundred per cent. on them, he keeps them.

General Cunningham has been for years the Archaeological Commissioner of India. Hence towards him these old coins flow as naturally as rivers to the ocean. He is as a magnet which attracts gold and copper and silver equally well. In the “*Numismatic Magazine*” of London he has given a full account of all the kings and all their coins which have been discovered up to the present. These papers on “*The Coins of Alexander's Successors in the East*” are full of interest. They are learned, simple, and clear.\*

Now for a few words on the monograms. It is a well-established fact that in many cities of Greece and Italy there were mints. Each city had its own coin mark, or monogram, which was made up of the letters of the name of the city. The Mogul emperors of India coined in many cities of India, and in every year of their reign, as the coins themselves testify.

\* It will not be out of place here to state that the Eastern languages on the coins have been called by General Cunningham Bactrian and Indian Pali. Indian Pali is the language of the religion of the Buddhists, and is found on all Buddhist inscriptions, on the *topes* of Bhillisa and Sanchu, and on some of the stone pillars. Bactrian Pali is not only on the coins but is also found on inscriptions.



The cities of the valley of Kabul had each one its mint. Cunningham gives no less than 150 different monograms. From these monograms we can ascertain pretty nearly the part of the country over which a king ruled when the coin was struck. From the style we can judge approximately the date. For every Occidental thing is almost sure to deteriorate in the East. There is no fourth generation of Europeans in India. English dogs which breed in India go, after a few generations, in the matter of nose and tail and spirit. It is so with horses and cows, and with vegetables too. So it is with art. When India became severed from Greece, and communications ceased from the mother country of art, deterioration set in. The coins of Diodotus, the first Bactrian king, are Grecian, and not one whit behind the best specimens of Grecian coinage. So are the coins of Antiochus. But the coins of Hermæus, the last of the Bactrian kings, are very poor indeed. The spelling of the Greek on them is not correct, and the letters are almost barbarous.

Having prefaced thus much, we may as well just give a list of the kings whose coins have been found either in Kabul or its environs—the Punjab and Bactria. The learned reader probably knows them already. But the mass of ordinary readers have never heard of them in connection with Indian or Eastern history. They are as follows:—

Diodotus I, Diodotus II, Antimachus I, Euthydemus, Demetrius, Antimachus II, Pantaleon, Agathokles, Heliokles and his queen Laodike, Apollodotus, Straton and his queen Agathokleia, Lysias, Nikias, Archebius, Zoilus, Menander, Theophilus, Antialkidas, Philoxenes, Diomedes, Dionysius, Epander, Amyntas, Hippostratus, Apollonphanes, Artemidorus, Telephus, Hermæus and his queen Kalliope, and Straton II—twenty-nine kings in all and three queens. These were nearly all unknown to history until the discoveries of the present century.

Now as to the coins themselves, for as yet we have said little about them. The coins of the two first kings are formed in gold; the rest seem to have been contented with silver and copper. This would argue that the conquests of the Grecians stripped India of its gold. Some of the four-drachma pieces of Eucratides are very fine. They have the portrait of the king on one side; the other contains two mounted horsemen, round whom are the name and titles of the king in Greek: "Eucratides, the King, the Saviour." Apollodotus has, in addition to his titles, one somewhat peculiar, "The lover of his father." Many of the coins are square. There is nothing new under the sun; many of the coins of Akbar are square, and so were those of Kutub-ud-Din Mubarak Shah and Juhangeer.

The portraits on some of the coins are fine specimens of Grecian art. So are some of the images. All the kings whose profiles are given were evidently Greeks. Helmets and sun-hats were worn. Elephants and bullocks were evidently in use. They appear on the coins in several forms. On one is an elephant's head, on another its head and forelegs. One coin has a fish on it very like the dolphin. The bird of wisdom, the owl, which is found on the coins of Athens, is also represented on two coins. Of course the gods and goddesses of Greece are used extensively. Hercules with his club, and Apollo with his bow, are constantly met with. The coins of the first king, Diodotus, has Hercules—a splendid giant of grace as well as strength. Hermæus has him on his coins, a piece of barbaric hideousness

known only from his club, so much had art degenerated in about a hundred and forty years. Even in the time of Apollodotus art had much deteriorated. But the image of Apollo is good on some of his coins compared with the image of the same god on the coins of Straton II. Beards seem to have been little grown, and mustachios not at all. Only one or two kings are bearded. Some of the kings must have reigned only a short time, and their loyal minting cities must have been few, for in several cases not twenty coins are known, and of one, King Telephus, only one coin is at present secured, though the writer has heard of the existence of a second. Menander's silver coins, which are in the greatest abundance, are hemidrachmas. They are so numerous that people make sleeve links of them. He seems to have been king in the Punjab, and to have held Kabul as the Moguls did. It would seem, too, that Apollodotus ruled Kabul from India.

The whole of these kings seem to have reigned only about 140 years—from 260 to 120 B.C. In the reign of Hermæus the country seems to have been overrun by the Scythians, for the name of a Scythian king, Kujula Kadophes, appears on his coins. Again, there is nothing new under the sun. When Prithwi Raj, of Delhi, was overthrown, the conqueror struck coins with his own name on one side, and that of the conquered prince on the other, in Sanscrit. Straton had already put his queen on one side and his own name on the other. Jahangu, in his dotage, allowed his wife, Nurjahan, to stamp coins as Nurjahan Badshah. Ranjit Singh allowed his mistress, Mora (the name means a peacock), to stamp current coins with a peacock's tail on them. And the newest rupee in India has the portrait of the Empress of India on one side, and the name in English, with the name and titles on the other of the ruler of the small state of Ulwar.

We must not be surprised to find nine-and-twenty kings finishing their course in 140 years. In all probability several of these kings reigned at the same time, though not in the same province. Some of the old conquerors must have been bad administrators, unlike their master Alexander. Where they had just conquered they seem to have been masters, but the parts they had left appear to have been in a chronic state of revolt. The Kabul of two thousand years ago was not so very much unlike the Kabul of today as some folks imagine. Some of the kings could only have reigned just time enough to coin. The exercise of the privilege of coining is the monopoly of royalty in the East. A king, as soon as he mounts the throne, sets his mint to work. Nadir Shah, when he invaded India, coined, during his stay at Lahore on his way, at Delhi during his stay of fifty-seven days, and at Peshawur on his return. The writer of this paper has coins of his which prove this. The coins of Sikandar Shah, who reigned forty-five days in the year A.D. 1392, are not very rare, for the writer has three kinds of them. Hence we may assume that some of the kings who reigned in Kabul did so for a short time only. We know nothing of them but their names. We may, however, pretty safely judge of the state of the country. King was fighting against king, father sometimes against son. It is supposed that Apollodotus, "the lover of his father," killed that same father Eucratides. Kabul people have not much changed in two thousand years. The portraits of Apollodotus certainly represent him as miserable enough for a parricide. Strange to

say, the face of Eucratides wears a melancholy expression like that of Charles I in the portrait by Vandyke. Zoilus has a face like that of Napoleon I on a rare coin in possession of the writer.

The Grecian kings of Kabul were of course idolaters. Coming to the East, however, did not change their gods for them; but they gave to the East their gods. A hundred years after Greek kings had ceased to rule in Kabul coins were struck on which only Greek letters were used, but whose gods, too, were those of Greece; so that not only had the Greeks influenced the language, but the religion of the people. Again, some of the gods on the Indo-Scythian coins are decidedly Indian, but their Sanscrit names are Hellenised, and are written in Greek characters. Theophilus seems a strange name for a Greek king. The writer well remembers his astonishment when he met with his specimen in a crowded bazaar. He could not believe his senses, for at that time he was not aware of all General Cunningham's researches and their results. Even when he saw the coin he would not believe it. Theophilus was loved of the gods evidently, for he was not king long. Only about six coins of his have been found.

We must not, however, suppose that we have arrived at the end of our knowledge of these kings. Writing in 1842, Cunningham described a coin of Zoilus as a new coin of a new prince. The writer has four in copper and two in silver, and lately refused to buy two others. Now a goodly number are known, but certainly less than a hundred.

But Kabul has changed from the Kabul of the Greeks, of Heliokles and Straton and Hermæus. The veil is a Mohammedan institution. People who have many wives refuse to have their wives' faces seen. There is a providence in some national arrangements, the writer has often thought when by chance he has caught sight of the ugliness which a veil may cover. Women who marry young soon grow not only old, but ugly. The veil, however, is a modern institution. The wives of Heliokles and Hermæus appear without any head-covering whatever; the wife of Straton wears a Grecian helmet. Of course the old Hindoos, whose marriageable daughters chose their young men for themselves at a joust held in their honour, did not wear the veil; neither did they think so much of caste two thousand years ago. The Mohammedan religion has pulled heathenism down to a lower level than it formerly occupied. Two thousand years ago the queen was worthy of a place by her husband on the coins, exactly as in the case of our William and Mary. Indeed, in the case of Straton, his queen Agathokleia has the place of honour assigned to her. Her portrait comes on the Greek side of the coin; the husband has his name only on the reverse, without his bust.

The titles of kings nowadays are stereotyped, and depend on the heraldry office more or less, so far as the issue of coins is concerned. Not so the titles that kings win by their original acts as kings. Many of the kings of Kabul rejoice in the title "Saviour." This shows that there was something to be saved from; that the country was unsettled. Others rejoice in the term "The just." We know little of the actions of many of the kings. Let us hope they did not belie their self-ordained titles. Two of them took the title of "Lover of his father." One was ashamed of it, and did not translate it into the language of the common people. He was ashamed of it, for it is supposed that he killed his father, and after that he

certainly dropped the title. The other one translated it into Pali. Several have the title "Victorious." This was no idle boast when men waded to the throne through the blood of many battles. Another king calls himself the "Unbeaten." "Great" is a common title. Why should little kings take large titles? Farrukhsu, one of the poorest of the Mogul kings, called himself "Lord of land and sea." "King of kings" is another title far from meaningless in a place like Bactria or Kabul.

The whole of these illustrious Kings of kings, Just, Victorious, Unbeaten, Saviours though they were, finished their course of glory in 140 years. They are forgotten—forgotten so thoroughly that their names are unknown in the country where they once reigned. Alexander is remembered as Sikander the Greatest. "The Greeks are dimly hinted at in records no longer understood by the people," in Pali inscriptions. But individual kings are as unknown as the kings of Mexico or Peru.

Here, as we have very little further information to impart about the Kabul of two thousand years ago, we ought, perhaps, to close this article redolent of the tomb. We called it a history exhumed. We are afraid all we have done is not to exhume the history so much as to remove the earth from the sarcophagus of some dead kings, and read the names ages of ignorance and war had allowed to become obscure, if not deleted. The Grecian occupation of Kabul was not a failure altogether. The Greeks taught the people and disciplined them. One of the generals of one of the Indo-Scythian kings calls himself on his coins the "Victorious Strategist," and not having any word in his own language to express the idea, he uses the Greek word Indianised, *stratagesa*. This shows us that instruction in war is remembered long after the arts of peace are forgotten. Sculpture as practised by the Greeks was practised in the Kabul valley. The Buddhist remains are undoubtedly Greek, just as the Taj at Agra is the result of Italian and French skill. The Buddhist remains at Bhilsa and Sanchu, out of the reach of the influence of Greek art (they are in the outskirts of the Vindhya range), show no signs of Greek influence. The Brahmanic revival, however, destroyed everything. When twelve hundred years ago Brahman kings reigned in Kabul, there were not many of them, and they in their turn were swept away.

It is impossible to say whether the people of the Kabul of to-day are the descendants of those over whom the Greeks ruled two thousand years ago. Wars may rage in the plains and the mountains may know nothing about them. We know there must have been constant accessions of fugitives to the mountains. Whether these were the first who fled there, or whether they lived in peace with those who were there before them, or killed their predecessors, of all this we know nothing. The whole of the history of Kabul has yet to be written. Learned men have never had real access to the country. There may be materials obtainable of which we are ignorant. The land is one which after two thousand years of incessant war eminently stands in need of good government.\*

\* We are indebted for this article to the Principal of the Normal College, Unrisut, who gratefully acknowledges the help he has derived from Masson's "Travels," the "Ariana Antiqua," from General Cunningham's "Coins of the Successors of Alexander in the East," and from his articles in the Asiatic Society's "Journal," and his "Archæological Reports." A residence of fifteen years in the Punjab has made the writer acquainted with the coins themselves; and some hundreds of them are now in his cabinet.



## A RECOLLECTION OF LORD MACAULAY.



LORD MACAULAY, after his elevation to the peerage, desirous to acquaint himself with the ballad literature of the day, bought a handful of songs from a street patterer in Seven Dials. It is said that, proceeding on his way home, he was astonished, on suddenly stopping, to find himself surrounded by half a score of urchins, their faces beaming with expectation.

"Now then," said the historian, "what is it?"

"Oh! that is a good un," replied the boys, "after we've a-come all this way."

"But what are you waiting for?" said he, astonished at the lads' familiarity.

"Waiting for? why, to hear you sing, to be sure!"



## NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

### CROWS AND MUSSELS.

IT is a fact well known to many observing naturalists that hooded crows and carrion crows will fly up with a mussel to a considerable height in the air, for the purpose of dropping it on to a hard substance to break it—generally shingle—and then descend and eat its juicy contents. Dr. Fleming considers that this is a case of instinct bordering closely on intelligence. In his opinion, they must have a notion of power, and of cause and effect; but the cute crow is at fault sometimes. A very intelligent writer in the "Zoologist" (s.s. p. 4328) tells us of his having seen a carrion crow drop a mussel several times on to the soft turf, where it fell and, of course, did not break. This crow, it is clear, had not got up his lesson of the laws of cause and effect. Occasionally it would seem that crows reverse the usual process, and drop the stones on to the shell-fish. This is what an old writer, named Charles Leigh, says, in his "Natural History of Lancashire" (1700):—

"I have often with admiration observed these birds [*i.e.*, the hooded crow, or, as he calls it, the grey crow] to peck up Pebble-stones, and then to soar with them in the Air to a considerable height, then to let fall the Stones amongst the Beds of Shell-fishes, which most commonly break some of them, they afterwards alight and feed upon their prey."

The crow is not the only bird which drops its shelled prey from a height to break it, for in classical lore we read of a bald-headed old man, named Æschylus, on whose head a Lammergeyer let fall a weighty tortoise, with the result that the poet was killed upon the spot. It is said the South American crowned eagle (*Harpyhalietus coronatus*) drops the armadillo on the rocks as the best way of breaking through his coat of mail.

### EGGS BEFORE LIBERTY.

Many years ago my father captured a jackdaw, and directed the gardener to put it into a coop. It was one of the old-fashioned coops, intended for fattening chickens, on four legs, with splines at the bottom. A hen made her nest and laid an egg below the coop, where the jackdaw could see it between the splines. A few days afterwards the gardener, happening to pass that way, observed a jackdaw fly away from the nest, which had been sucking the egg. His suspicions were aroused that it was the prisoner escaped, and so it proved to be. By some means the bird had forced itself between the bars and got out. One would have thought that once free, he would have taken himself off to the woods; but his innate love of stealing was too great for him, and he had stayed, at the risk of recapture, to feed on the egg at which he had cast many a wistful glance when a prisoner in the coop.

### FOOD OF THE GREY CROW.

The grey crow, hooded crow, or Norway crow, is a well-known bird on the seashore. Everybody is

familiar with the grey bird with the black head and wings and tail, which comes in winter. Innumerable stories might be told of its voracity, but I will only relate one or two which have come under my own notice. The rook is the grey crow's cousin, and to eat your cousin is an act of cannibalism, but when Mr. Crow is very hungry, he does not mind eating a poor relation. The rooks are sometimes troublesome to the game about us, and one day traps were set, and a rook was caught in one. The bird happened to be caught high up by the teeth of the trap and was killed at once. Shortly afterwards the keeper saw a grey crow eating it. In the winter the grey crows eat up the wounded pheasants. The crow is the Cossack which puts them out of their misery. It is marvellous how quickly they will find out the wounded game at a day's cover-shooting. On one occasion a hare was wounded in the wood adjoining our garden. It ran about a quarter of a mile and died in the next plantation. My impression is that less than half an hour elapsed before we found the hare picked and eaten, and several old grey crows holding an inquest over its bones.

No sort of garbage comes amiss to these omnivorous birds. Rats they much appreciate. I have been out rat-catching, and have had to hide the slain for fear of the crows getting them. The rats in an adjoining parish beat the ferrets, and had to be poisoned. Many of them afterwards lay about dead in the fields. The grey crows suspected nothing, and partook largely. Fatal was the result, and beside the dead rats lay the defunct crows.

### A RAVEN'S LIVER.

Some fifty years ago James P—— was living as under keeper on the late Lord Orford's estate at Weybourne, in Norfolk. A man in the village, named John Digby, was ill, and it was supposed that he was dying. A "wise woman," that is, a reputed witch, was consulted, who gave it as her opinion that the only thing which could save him was *the liver of a raven fried*. Now a raven is a very rare bird in Norfolk. Even fifty years ago it was very rare, so that Ridout, the head gamekeeper, when petitioned to get one, declared that there was hardly a chance of his being able to do so; but willing to try, he commissioned P—— to do what he could for the invalid in his emergency. Nothing loth to undertake so congenial a task, P—— ensconced himself that night in a plantation, having previously staked down a dead rabbit—a gravid doe, opened in the approved way. He waited long and waited patiently. At last, very early in the morning, he saw the wishest-for raven. Fortune favoured him. It descended on the bait, and he shot it. It was cut open; its inside was applied as directed; and the sequel of the story is that the patient recovered, and lived sixteen years afterwards. I am indebted for this story to my father, who points out two things—the singularity of James P—— being able to meet with a raven at all

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just when he happened to be wanting one, and the bearing which the anecdote has on old Sir Thomas Brown's remark about rooks. That great Norfolk naturalist, writing about the middle of the seventeenth century, says:—"Spermalegous rooks . . . sometimes sold in Norwich market, and many are killed for their livers, in order to the cure of the rickets." That this superstitious belief in the efficacy of a corvine liver as a remedy should have survived so long after the worthy knight penned the above is curious.

*Northrepps, Norwich.*

J. H. GURNEY, JUN.

#### THE DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

The "dogs of Constantinople" have been almost as much abused as the Turks themselves, by one of the "Times" correspondents, and all because they did not wag their tails at him when he landed in Galata. I do not see how he could expect *them* to greet *him* until he had been properly introduced, either by giving them a pat or a kind word; and I am very sure, had he done either, he would never have passed that dog again without it wagging its tail, or, after one or two greetings, even going so far as to stuff its cold nose into his hand. I have lived a long time in Constantinople, and have a great many friends amongst these intelligent creatures, and I do not like to hear them abused. They are a most useful, intelligent, and much suffering race of animals, and if you only speak to a dog once or twice in passing he rarely forgets it. I remember having on several occasions patted a young dog in one of the public streets, and I never passed that way without his running by my side, showing every mark of affection. In 1871 I had been away in England, and more than a year had passed, when again going down the hill, never thinking of master doggy, a cold nose was stuffed into my hand, and in the splendid animal who greeted me I recognised my

young friend of more than a year ago. I had forgotten him; his memory was better than mine.

A friend who was travelling, and stayed at one of the hotels in Pera, told me he had taken notice of a very fine dog which lived near the hotel, and whenever he came out the dog was sure to run and greet him, walk by his side as far as its "beat" extended, when it seemed to hold communication with a dog of the next quarter, and—incredible as the story appears—hand him over to its care. After several years this gentleman a second time visited Constantinople, when his old friend the dog at once recognised him, and took him again under his protection.

To make this understood I should explain that the dogs of Constantinople live in families or clans, each occupying a street or quarter; a dog of one quarter is not allowed to go into another, and woe betide the poor dog who strays beyond his "beat." All the dogs of the next quarter set upon him and worry him. In writing about the dogs of Constantinople, it is not the domestic pets I mean, but the "street arabs," those useful animals which are the scavengers of the city. A gentleman who was in the habit of riding to Pera almost every day by the road passing behind the Admiralty, one day cracked his whip at a dog who stood showing his teeth on the hillside above; immediately a dog living in the street below, as if he had found a powerful ally, began to bark furiously at his enemy above, and ran on by the side of the horse to the end of his quarter. The next time and ever after when the gentleman on horseback appeared, the dog bounded to greet him, jumped up round the horse, showing every sign of pleasure, barking and inviting his friend to crack his whip at the enemy above. The dog on the hillside was a fine powerful animal, and perhaps had on a previous occasion given the weaker dog a thrashing, so the other showed his pleasure at having found a friend under whose protection he could defy him.

*Constantinople.*

#### THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

BY JULES VERNE.

##### CHAPTER XVII.—PARLEY BEFORE THE CITADEL.

EVERYTHING bore the look of business suspended, of a sudden interruption to work.

The two friends had now reached the inner limits of the Central Block and stood before the wall, which Max believed divided them from the park.

"Are we to make this fellow dance too?" asked Otto.

"Perhaps; but first we can look for a door, which a simple fusee could send flying."

They proceeded, therefore, to skirt the wall around the park, from time to time making a *détour* to avoid a building jutting out like a spur, or to climb a fence. But they never lost sight of it, and were soon rewarded for their trouble, by coming to a low, narrow door.

In two minutes Otto had bored a gimlet hole through the oaken panels, and Max, applying his eye to the opening, perceived with lively satisfaction

that on the other side lay the tropical park, with its continual verdure and summer temperature.

"One more door to blow up, and we shall be in the place!" he exclaimed to his companion.

"A fusee for a piece of wood like this would be too great an honour," returned Otto.

And as he spoke he struck a heavy blow on the postern with an axe he carried.

It had not begun to give way, however, when they heard a key turned, and two bolts slipped back.

The door half opened, though held inside by a thick chain.

"Who goes there?" demanded a hoarse voice from behind it.

The two young men were little prepared for such a question. It astonished them more than if they had been met by a rifle shot.

Max had had a great many conjectures about this



mysterious town, and the very last thing he had expected was that a living being would quietly demand the reason of his visit. His enterprise, legitimate enough under the supposition that Stahlstadt was completely deserted, assumed quite another aspect when the city was found still to be inhabited.

That which in the one case was but a kind of archaeological inquiry, in the other became an attack by force of arms, and bore the character of a burglary.

These reflections rushed in upon the mind of Max with such force that he stood as if struck dumb.

"Who goes there?" repeated the voice, impatiently.

There was certainly some reason for impatience. For intruders to have reached this door by overcoming so many obstacles, scaling walls, and blowing up half the town, and then to have nothing to say on being simply asked, "Who goes there?" was somewhat astonishing.

In half a minute Max became aware of the awkwardness of his position, and he replied in German:

"Friend or enemy, whichever you like! I wish to speak to Herr Schultz."

Directly he uttered these words an exclamation was heard from the other side of the door:

"Ach!"

And through the opening Max could discern a red whisker, half a bristly moustache, and a dull eye, which he immediately recognised as belonging to Sigimer, one of the uncouth beings who had been ordered by Schultz to guard him.

"Johann Schwartz!" exclaimed the giant, with a sort of stupid joy, "Johann Schwartz!"

The unexpected return of his prisoner seemed to astonish him as much as his mysterious disappearance must have done.

"Can I speak to Herr Schultz?" repeated Max, finding that this exclamation was the only answer.

Sigimer shook his head.

"No order!" he said. "Can't come in here without an order!"

"At least you can tell Herr Schultz that I am here, and want to see him."

"Herr Schultz not here! Herr Schultz gone!" replied the giant, with a shade of sadness in his tone.

"But where is he? When will he be back?"

"Don't know! Instructions remain as before! No one can enter without an order!"

These disjointed sentences were all that Max could get from Sigimer, who to any other questions maintained a dogged and obstinate silence.

Otto at last became impatient.

"Where's the use of asking permission to enter?" said he. "It is much easier to take it!"

And he shoved against the door to try and force it open. It was held by the chain, however, and a more powerful arm than his soon shut it, and rapidly drew the bolts.

"There must be several men behind there!" cried Otto, rather humiliated at this result.

He applied his eye to the gimlet-hole, and uttered a cry of surprise:

"There's a second giant!"

"Arminius, no doubt," returned Max, in his turn putting his eye to the hole.

"Yes! It is Arminius, Sigimer's companion."

As he spoke, another voice, apparently from the sky, caused Max to raise his head.

"Wer da?" it said.

This time it was Arminius who spoke, looking over the top of the wall, which he had

reached by means of a ladder.

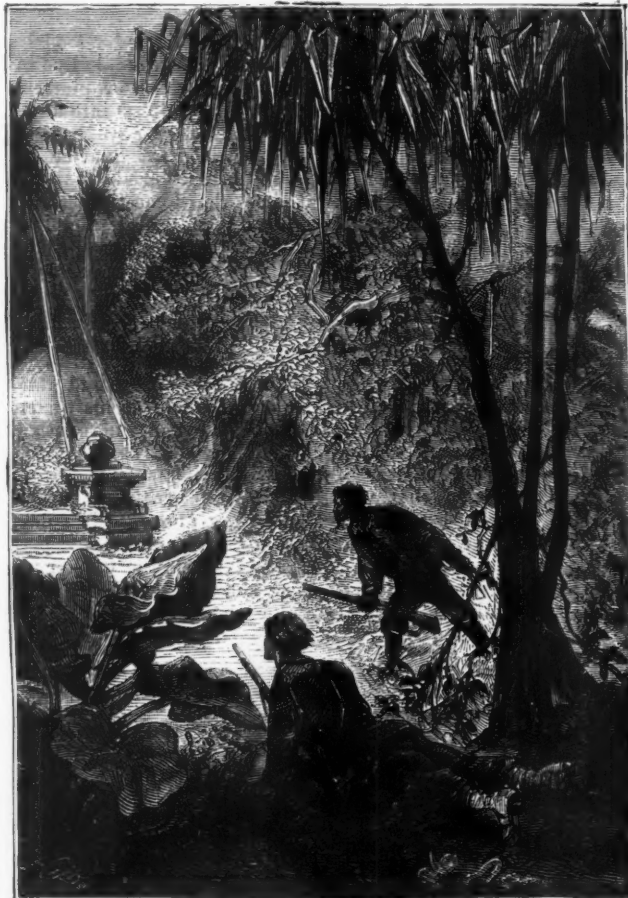
"Come, you know well enough who it is, Arminius!" returned Max. "Will you open? Yes or no?"

These words had scarcely left his lips when the muzzle of a gun was pointed over the wall, and a bullet just grazed the brim of Otto's hat.

"Very well, here's an answer for that!" exclaimed Max, who, placing some dynamite under the door, blew it into fragments.

A breach being thus made, Otto and Max, their guns in their hands, sprang into the park.

The ladder still leant against the now tottering wall, and at its foot were traces of blood, but neither Arminius nor Sigimer were there to bar the progress of the adventurers.



A SEARCH IN THE PARK.

The gardens lay before them in all the richness of their vegetation.

Otto was delighted.

"What a magnificent place!" he said; "but look out! We had better proceed like sharpshooters! These sourkrout-eaters are most likely watching for us—hiding behind the bushes!"

Max and Otto separated, and each taking one side of the walk which opened before them, they advanced cautiously from tree to tree, from mound to mound, after the most approved principles of strategy.

This was a wise precaution. They had not gone a hundred yards when a second shot was heard, and the bark of the tree Max had just quitted flew in splinters.

"This is serious! Down on the ground!" ejaculated Otto.

And, adding example to precept, he crawled on hands and knees up to a thorny thicket bordering the square, in the centre of which rose the Bull Tower.

Max, not following this advice quickly enough, narrowly escaped another bullet, and only avoided a fourth by darting behind the trunk of a palm-tree.

"Fortunately these fellows shoot no better than raw recruits!" called out Otto to his friend.

"Hush!" returned Max. "Don't you see the smoke hanging about that

window on the ground-floor? The villains are in ambush there! But I mean to play them a trick in my turn!"

In a trice Max had cut a good-sized stick from the shrubbery, on which he hung his coat, placing his hat on the top. Having thus improvised a very presentable dummy, he stuck it into the ground, so that the hat and sleeves alone were visible, then, gliding up to Otto, he whispered in his ear:

"Just keep them amused by firing at the window, first from your place and then from mine. I'm off to take them in the rear."

And Max, leaving Otto to skirmish, crept cautiously away through the bushes.

A quarter of an hour passed, whilst about twenty

shots were exchanged without result on either side, though Max's coat and hat were completely riddled with bullets. As to the window-blinds, Otto's gun had sent them into shivers.

Suddenly the firing ceased, and Otto distinctly heard a stifled cry of,—

"Help! help! I've got him!"

To leave his shelter, fly through the shrubbery, and spring in at the window, took Otto but a moment.

Struggling desperately on the floor, entwined like

two serpents, were Max and Sigimer. Surprised by the sudden attack of his adversary, who had forced an inner door, the giant had been unable to use his weapons. But his herculean strength rendered him a formidable enemy, and although thrown to the ground, he had not lost hope of gaining the upper hand. Max, on his side, displayed remarkable vigour and agility.

The fight would certainly have terminated in the death of one of the combatants, had not Otto's intervention made a less tragic end possible. The two together soon disarmed Sigimer, and bound him so that he could move neither hand nor foot.

"Where's the other fellow?" asked Otto.

Max pointed to the farther end of the room, where Arminius lay on a bench.

"Has he been shot?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Otto.

Together they examined the body.

"Quite dead!" said Max.

"If so the rascal might have died in a better cause!" exclaimed Otto.

"Here we are, masters of the place!" said Max.

"So now to serious business. Let us first explore the study of the great Herr Schultz!"

From the room in which the last act of the siege had been performed, the two young men proceeded through the suite of apartments which led to the sanctum of the King of Steel.

Otto was lost in admiration at the sight of such splendour.



AN INVITATION TO ASCEND.

Max smiled as he looked round at him, and opened one after the other the doors of the magnificent rooms, till they reached the green and gold apartment.

He had expected to find something new, but nothing so strange as the spectacle which here lay before their eyes. It looked just as if the General Post-office of New York or Paris had been robbed and its contents thrown pell-mell on the floor. On every side were heaps of letters and sealed packets, on the writing-table, on the chairs, on the carpet. They waded knee-deep in a flood of papers. All the financial, industrial, and personal correspondence of Herr Schultz, brought to the letter-box in the park wall, and faithfully carried in by Arminius and Sigimer, had here accumulated in their master's study.

How many questions, what expectations, what anxious suspense, what misery and tears were enclosed in those voiceless envelopes addressed to Herr Schultz! What millions of money, too, no doubt, in paper, cheques, bills, and orders of all sorts!

Everything rested here motionless through the absence of the only hand which had a right to break these fragile but inviolable seals.

"We have now," said Max, "to discover the secret door of the laboratory!"

He began by taking all the books out of the book-case. This was useless; he could not find the masked passage he had traversed in company with Herr Schultz.

In vain he shook the panels one by one, and, with an iron rod, which he took from the mantelpiece,

tapped them in succession. In vain he struck the wall in the hope of hearing it give forth a hollow sound. It was very evident that Schultz, uneasy at no longer being the sole possessor of his secret, had done away with that door.

He must necessarily have opened another.

"But where?" asked Max. "It must be here somewhere, as Arminius and Sigimer have brought the letters to this room, which Herr Schultz doubtless continued to use after my departure. I know enough of his habits to be sure that, after bricking up the old passage, he would wish to have another close at hand, and concealed from inquisitive eyes. Can there be a trap-door under the carpet?"

The carpet itself showed no signs of a cut; but none the less was it unnailed and raised. The floor, examined bit by bit, showed nothing suspicious.

"How do you know the opening is in this room at all?" asked Otto.

"I am morally certain of it," answered Max.

"Then the ceiling only remains to be explored," returned Otto, springing on to a chair.

His idea was to get up to the lustre and sound the central rose with the butt end of his gun.

However, no sooner had he grasped the gilded chandelier than, to his extreme surprise, it sank under his hand. The ceiling opened and left to view a wide gap, from which a light, self-acting steel ladder slid down level with the floor. It was a distinct invitation to ascend.

"Here we are! Come along!" said Max, composedly, and immediately began to mount the ladder, closely followed by his friend.

#### FRUIT-GROWING AND FRUIT-SUPPLY.

THE remarkable season through which we have just passed has shown, in a very striking manner, the difficulties that stand in the way of obtaining that better fruit-supply which is so important to the masses who are crowding more and more every year into our large towns.

Our gardeners have brought English fruit to very great perfection, an end to which the cheapening of glass has no doubt contributed in no small degree, by making them independent of the vicissitudes of our fickle climate, so fatal to the more tender and early blossoming kinds of fruit. And this applies not only to the fruit-houses of the rich, but also to the enterprise of our market-gardeners, who now send into our large towns considerable quantities of excellent fruit, so that fairly well-to-do people, who can afford to deal at a good shop, and pay a good shop's price, have not much to complain of. They obtain the best of fruit at a price which, high as it is for those of moderate means, may still be called reasonable when the expense of cultivation is fairly considered, and is, after all, very much below that at which the amateur could raise the same fruit for himself, if he took into strict account all the charges, direct and indirect, which the man who grows for profit has to consider.

But have we devoted enough attention to the popularising of fruit, if we may use the word in the sense of bringing it home in sufficient quantity and in good condition to the masses who are pent up in our large

towns, and to whom it would be invaluable? For sound ripe fruit supplies a very necessary element that is sadly wanted in town life, where the blood becomes vitiated in the crowded alleys and ill-ventilated dwellings to which our working-classes are condemned by the inevitable conditions of their daily life.

An abundant supply of good fresh fruit is one of the best antidotes we could possibly have to the vice of intemperance. Fruit is Nature's own thirst-quencher. The development of the fruit-supply is, therefore, a point well worth the attention of our social philanthropists.

If the fruit is to be cheap it must be abundant, and the softer kinds of fruit do not travel well to market when fully ripe, if the quantity is at all large. Fruit that is to fetch a good price must be carefully handled and packed in small quantities, involving much trouble and a considerable outlay in baskets, but the fruit for the masses, which is dealt with in larger quantities, is either picked before it is fully ripe in order that it may travel better, or, what is perhaps worse, it arrives in a decaying and fermenting condition, in either of which states it not only loses its value as a refresher and vitaliser of the blood, but it is absolutely injurious to the health. This will be evident to any one who will examine the fruit markets in low quarters of large towns, the small shops frequented by the poor, or, where such things are permitted, the stalls in the streets.

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tion of waste land and hedgerows for this purpose has been repeatedly advocated, very fully so in a paper that was read before the Society of Arts a year or two ago, in which it was shown that we have a vast quantity of land now lying absolutely waste which might be devoted to the growth of fruit. Taking our railways at 17,000 miles in length, we have 34,000 miles of more or less extended bank, and if the average width were only ten yards we should have nearly 600,000,000 square yards, or upwards of 120,000 acres, more than three times the area of all the land used for market-garden purposes in Great Britain. But it was remarked by Dr. Hogg, who took part in the discussion, and who speaks with authority on the subject, that though some of the railway slopes might be so employed, "the embankments and cuttings of railways were not, generally speaking, places where one would expect to find fruit-trees flourish." Added to which the expense and difficulty of cultivating them would be very great. The waste of land in our country roads and around villages was also referred to, but in this case there would arise questions of ownership and enclosure, without which no one would be willing to incur the expense of fruit-growing. A far more practical suggestion is that much of our worthless hedgerow timber might very profitably give place to fruit-trees. An objection will at once occur to the reader's mind, the temptation to theft that would be offered by fruit grown in the open country. The fate of the hedgerow nuts, of which very few are allowed to ripen, will be pointed to; but, on the other hand, it must be observed that the nuts are plundered because their value is so small that no one cares to protect them; they are left for public use as the blackberries are. But hedgerow fruit, if grown on a large scale as an article of profit, would be looked after by the owner, and it would soon come to be understood by the rising generation that the apples in a field are as much under the protection of the law as apples in a garden or orchard. Those who have travelled on the Continent or in America, know what masses of fruit are grown by the very roadside. Mrs. Parker has thus described the abundance in the vale of Wyoming, in her "Six Happy Weeks among the Americans":—

"I shall long remember that journey in the early summer morning. The scenery was grand. The Wyoming Valley is noted for beauty, verdure, and rich cultivation. Large farms dotted the slopes of the hills, and in the season, my driver told me, fruit was so abundant along the roadsides, and everybody had so much of their own, that no one thought of gathering it. I remarked that with us, boys would steal it. 'Suppose,' I said, 'a farmer saw boys gathering his fruit, what would he do?' 'Oh,' was the reply, 'he would just tell them to fetch a sack and fill it, and if that would not do to come again.' Such is its great abundance."

The experiment, if tried in this country, would depend for its success upon the extent to which it was carried out. A few hedgerow trees would inevitably be plundered; if the practice were universal they would be tolerably safe, as they are now in the fruit districts. The difficulty would lie in the first few years of their introduction, when the young trees would be more liable to injury, and as the outlay in those first years would be considerable this consideration alone would prevent the plan being very generally adopted, though it has been tried with some success in Yorkshire.

If any great increase in our fruit-supply is to be obtained, we must look for it in the ordinary course of trade. If our farmers find themselves unable to grow wheat and barley at a profit, in the face of the increasing competition of Russia and the United States, they may perhaps be driven to turn their attention to fruit-growing. It is quite immaterial to a farmer what he grows. He farms for profit, and will grow whatever pays best. And at first sight the profits of fruit-growing seem to be immense. The great strawberry grounds near Blairgowrie, in Perthshire, which supply tons of fruit annually for the Scotch preserve makers, realise from £40 to £60 an acre, in a good year, from the beds that are at the best, and even the average is as high as £25 per acre. The cherry orchards in Kent yield a still larger sum at times, but the crop is uncertain. So do the plum orchards in Worcestershire, especially in the neighbourhood of Evesham, where some 1,800 acres are devoted to fruit, and whence tons of plums in a green state are sent to the dye workers of Manchester. But the most remarkable instance of high remuneration is that of Mr. Webb's fruit ground at Calcot, near Reading. The extent is twelve acres, upon which very fine wheat was grown some years ago; it was then planted with fruit, the produce of which amounted in one year to the astonishing sum of £4,000, or £333 per acre, cob nuts alone producing as much as £320 per acre.

If fruit-growing has its large returns, it has also its heavy expenses and great uncertainties in so fickle a climate as ours. In the first place, land that is suitable for the growth of such highly remunerative crops naturally obtains a great rent, varying from £7 to £12 per acre; and this, it must be remembered, is a fixed sum, payable in bad years, when the crop is almost a failure, as well as in good years, when it is a success. Then, too, the expenses of cultivation are the same for a poor yield as for a heavy one, and form a very important item. And when, after many risks from frost and blight and ungenial season, and much consequent anxiety, the crop comes to perfection, there is the cost of picking it, which is considerable, even in a fine season, whilst in such a year as the present the losses on such soft fruits as strawberries and raspberries must have been very great. The difficulty is that the fruit ripens for the most part all at once, and the gathering has to be done in a very few weeks. Pickers, who are chiefly women and children, must therefore be had in great numbers for the short time that the work lasts, and if great heat causes the fruit to ripen too quickly, or much wet renders it tender, at the same time hindering the picking, a large portion of the crop is wasted.

No one who has not witnessed the picking of field-fruits can form any right conception of the masses that have to be dealt with when ten, twenty, or thirty acres of, say, currants or gooseberries have to be picked within a week of only four days and a half; for the fruit must be in the market early in the morning, and the afternoon of the previous day must be given to its packing. Raspberries are especially difficult to handle in large masses, as they are so tender that the juice escapes very freely by the mere pressure of their own weight, and fermentation soon sets in. The crop is a most profitable one in a good season, realising from £35 to £45 a ton, but it is very easily affected by the weather, great heat drying up the berries prematurely, and a wet season both spoiling the quality and making

them difficult to handle. Moreover, the raspberry is utterly worthless when unripe, whereas gooseberries find almost as ready a sale in a green state as when fully ripe. Indeed, they fetch a higher price when green, but being so much smaller they expend the crop more rapidly. They, too, are very profitable, as an acre of good trees in full bearing will yield as much as two, occasionally three tons, and at an average of 10s. per "sieve" of forty-eight pounds, the produce ranges from £48 to £70 per acre.

Owing to the difficulty of getting the fruit to market in good condition, a great deal has to be picked partially unripe, which deprives it of a great part of its value as an article of food. Unripe fruit cooked and artificially sweetened, either as a preserve or in puddings and pies, is not by any means equivalent to fully ripe fruit. The Society of Arts has done much good service in offering prizes for improvements in many articles affecting the welfare of the masses, and the better marketing of fruit is a subject well worthy of their consideration.

## Varieties.

**MR. GLADSTONE ON GARDENING.**—Mr. Gladstone recently made an interesting speech at a flower-show in Hawarden Park, on the opportunities for a greater development of profitable gardening. He pointed out that we import yearly into the country fruits such as we can grow in it to the amount of £2,200,000, and vegetables to the amount of £3,000,000, and he did not see why these fruits and vegetables could not be profitably produced at home. Quoting from an article in "Macmillan's Magazine," he told his audience that a gentleman on the Hudson River, in the Northern States of America, has an apple-garden of 200 acres, and that all of these apples are direct descendants of English apples of former generations. Yet these apples are now sent back to England. If, at the high rate of wages paid for labour in America, it paid this gentleman to send us his apples, would it not pay English cottagers to grow such apples for the English market themselves? He believed that weeds robbed farmers and cottagers of more substance than all other robbers put together. No weed should ever be allowed to seed, for "one year's seed is seven years' weed." Mr. Gladstone also insisted on the profit which the culture of flowers for sale might bring, mentioning the many nosegay-shops which London can now boast of, and which provincial towns would soon emulate.

**RITTER THE GEOGRAPHER.**—Carl Ritter, the centenary of whose birth has been lately celebrated, was born at Quedlinburg, in Saxony, August 7th, 1779. He was fatherless at five years old, and was, with the consent of his widowed mother, adopted by Salzmann, a well-known teacher, who had established a college on the borders of the Thuringian Forest. Here he remained until his seventeenth year, when he was introduced to Herr Hollweg, a wealthy banker, who secured his services as tutor to his children. During travels with his pupils Ritter became acquainted with Sismondi, Pestalozzi, Madame de Staël, Alexander Humboldt, and others. While visiting Geneva, when he came to be about thirty, he listened to teachings which differed seriously from those of Salzmann. Ritter never wearied of the sermons delivered by Cellier, eloquent as they were with Christian zeal, but being of an affectionate and faithful disposition, in spite of the change that came over him he ever remembered Salzmann with tender gratitude. The future geographer was earnest in all he undertook. Of his pupils he thus writes to a friend: "I have tried to keep them from harm; yes, tried as if I were one of the cherubim standing with drawn sword at the gate of paradise. I, no angel myself," &c. Notwithstanding many advantageous offers Ritter remained with the Hollweg family, finally accompanying his pupils to Göttingen, where, during his leisure, he tried his hand at authorship, choosing for his subject physical geography. His manuscript was accepted

by one of the first publishers in Berlin, to which city he removed, his pupils being now of an age to study independently. At Berlin he enjoyed the friendship of Schleiermacher, Niebuhr, Rauch, and others. His "Physical Geography" appeared, and henceforward it was difficult to decide whether Ritter was greater as author or educator, until his fame culminated in the appearance of his great work, "General Geography in its connection with the Nature and History of Man." "My aim has been," he writes, "to trace the general laws which underlie all the diversity of nature, to show their connection with every fact taken singly, and to indicate on a purely historical field, the perfect unity and harmony which exist in the apparent diversity and caprice which prevail on the globe, and which seem most marked in the mutual relation of nature and man." He has justly been called "the creator of scientific geography." At this time he accepted the chair of history at Frankfurt, succeeding Schlosser. Ritter, now nearly forty, sought a home of his own, and wrote to his sister, begging her to intercede for him with one Lili, a niece of her husband. Lili listened favourably, and before long he brought her to Frankfurt as his wife. At Frankfurt they remained until he was appointed to an honourable professorship at Berlin University, which he held to the last. Carl Ritter died September 28th, 1859. The night before his death he listened to the reading of the twenty-third Psalm, then clasping his pastor's hand the dying man said, "He has guided me thus far, and He will not desert me now."

**INCOME-TAX STATISTICS.**—It appears from a Parliamentary return just issued that the total amount of income charged with the tax under Schedule D (trades and professions) in Great Britain last year was £131,980,647. This shows an increase of £1,154,000 over the previous year. The number of persons paying the tax was 397,750, being an increase of 15,778 over the number in 1877. It would seem that there are 1,487 persons whose incomes are assessed between £900 and £1,000; while between £1,000 and £2,000 there are 12,403; under £3,000, 3,860; under £4,000, 1,824; under £5,000, 980; under £10,000, 1,870; under £50,000, 994; over £50,000, 90.

**PRICES UNDER PROTECTION AND UNDER FREE TRADE.**—That any British farmer should impute his ruin to Free Trade stands in curious contrast to the fact that, bad as the times are, he gets better prices now than he did in the days of exclusion. From 1840 to 1846, for example, the prices of barley ranged from twenty-seven shillings and sixpence to thirty-six shillings and fivepence per quarter. But, if we look at the six years ending 1877, what do we find the prices standing at? Why at nothing less than from thirty-five shillings and twopence to forty-four shillings and fourpence a quarter. Of course, if it be clearly proved, as it can be proved, that, in spite of better prices for farm produce, land is going out of tillage, the explanation of the prevailing distress must be sought for elsewhere. When land is put back on the hands of the landlord the reason is the very obvious one that it does not pay people to till it. Rent, in short, is too high, or the conditions under which the agriculturist is bound to work are too onerous, or his burdens may be excessive, and into these alleged grievances the Royal Commission will inquire.—*Daily Telegraph*.

**SIR JOHN LUBBOCK ON ANTS.**—One of his nests was a nest of ants which fed upon other insects. They went out in the morning hunting, and bringing back prey. He put before one of these ants a large bluebottle fly, but pinned it down, so that the ant could not carry it off to the nest. The ant pulled at it for twenty minutes and then went back to the nest, and in less than a minute came back with twelve companions, obviously intending them to help in carrying off the fly. But being excited by the ardour of the chase, the first ant ran ahead and found itself again at the fly alone. Its friends lost sight of it, which was rather stupid, he admitted, and they went back. The ant was again unable to move the fly, and went back, returning with ten friends. He then released the pin, and the fly was carried off in triumph. That might not be speech in the sense of vocalisation, but it would be impossible for an insect to communicate more obviously than that ant did.

**CLEVER PEOPLE.**—Some one at school said to Charlotte Brontë that she was always talking about clever people—Johnson, Sheridan, etc. She said, "Now you don't know the meaning of clever. Sheridan might be clever; yes, Sheridan was clever—scamps often are—but Johnson hadn't a spark of cleverity in him." No one appreciated the opinion; they made some trivial remark about "cleverality," and she said no more.—*Life of Charlotte Brontë*.